tains, the waterfront Communists along with the others. The warship, however, left without sending a party ashore.

We were on the slope high above Sukhum when a gun salvo came from the sea. We rushed toward the harbor to get aboard our ship. Then another salvo followed. When we reached the bay, speedboats from the *Saratov* were waiting for her passengers. Here we learned that our ship had fired at the town because somebody told the crew that counterrevolutionaries were attacking it from the mountains, but since the situation was not very clear the sailors decided to abstain from further operations.

The *Saratov* cast anchor at the entrance to the harbor of Batum. Several tugboats surrounded her, and port authorities boarded her to check the passengers' papers. But inspection was perfunctory. Our companions let Tseretelli, Emma, and me disembark by the first boat leaving for the shore. When we were a few yards from the ship, one of the oarsmen recognized Tseretelli. He asked him something in Georgian and shouted to his companions, "Khaki is here!" Khaki was Tseretelli's nickname of endearment in Georgia. Batum was in the hands of Georgian Mensheviks. A telegram was sent at once to Tiflis, whence came an order to reserve a special train to take Tseretelli to the capital. But local political leaders whisked him away for a conference.

Waiting for the train, Emma and I strolled along the waterfront and nearby streets. They were full of armed men in homespun garb, men with gray beards, and teen-agers. They did not look at all like soldiers and differed strikingly from the Red guards we had seen in Petrograd. I was still wearing my disreputable artillery cloak, and an old man asked me to which division my regiment belonged—a polite way of inquiring from what outfit I had deserted—and what my business was in Batum. I told him my uniform did not mean anything—I had just arrived from Petrograd with Tseretelli. The old man shed tears of joy when he heard Khaki was back. I asked him about the armed men in the streets. He pointed to the mountains around Batum. "There we live," he said. "Many people. They told us that the Turks were coming to take Batum. They asked who would defend it. So we came down."

The strains of the *Marseillaise* sounded from around the corner. In a tiny square some thirty men were standing in a circle, leaning on their rifles and singing. I could not understand the words in Georgian, and they sang in an unusual way with an undertone of sadness that was almost like a prayer before death. Unmistakably, however, this was the anthem of the French Revolution.